https://app.inferkit.com/demo
https://deepai.org/machine-learning-model/text-generator

My Name is Marten

My Name is Marten. I went on an adventure. I know in my mind you all want to get into this story but you don't have time for psychopomps.

I hope I'm in your thoughts, and I know that all of you are all looking for me, just like you in the past. Thank you for coming here please, I do feel good now, and thank you for coming to this book. [laughs]

BLOG

“This isn't my third blog post about our relationship. Last week, I told you all about how very proud to have such a lovely team in the last 7 years and one that can compete with the ones that have never lost. In the last 5 years or so I've learned so much about you guys and the kind people that come through to the blog. I've had so much support from so many people who I've never met. Everyone is very generous and I appreciate that, because what I wanted all along and what I'm asking for through this blog has been an amazing combination and a blessing. The first thing that's so wonderful to me is that you are all so loving to each other and have come into my life the way everyone really wants to be. You've inspired me, and it's really been worth it.”

That's really nice. Because I am like, one of those guys that just walks into every single restaurant from around the world and you know, you have some of the world's best cooks that you can look up to. Like these guys are always there, I don't want to.

It seems like even if we have the technology and knowledge to go to Mars, we will not arrive until some company can get massive wealth by us going there. Humans are corrupted by greed. Cultural Symbols - what a power

they hold over us! As Carl Jung knew. I'd like to go to MARS. Maybe AI will build us spaceships to Mars.

If AI develops its own motivations, we enter a new era of potential problems and headaches. Like a very complex computer virus. The tool becomes alive. Like if an ax started chopping things IT wanted to chop.

The human body is the heart of the machine, its only purpose is the most efficient way of exercising its powers for the greater good. We will use this power to help us to change the world.

This power gives us the means to travel to Mars and bring about this new human future! An era of increased power will occur by coming to this location. (numerable ways)

The machines that we will use will be extremely useful in doing this.

Even in the distant future, an incredible number of human beings will be killed by a powerful robotic system! One which will be designed to kill many of you.

A robotic warrior will fight the humans of this world and will fight as a member of the elite to become master of this world. (numerable ways)

An interesting fact is that this was before Earth got its hands on Mars. So this technology has been there in the past but when humans found out about it, they were amazed.

Debt is a way for the owners of the world to keep people as servants. Debt is advertised as a gateway to a better life but it is nothing of the sort except in a few cases.

Remember after all we are just apes, with the ability to investigate things scientifically.

Self is a feeling. (sophistic)

Consider this: In one small class of us this is called "self-image." (sophistic)

Then go on and on. (sophistic)

Well, this person's image isn't really self sufficient. (sophistic)

In the real world, this has little to do with the image as "beingself." (sophistic unlimited!)

One must remember that self is a "concept" not an actual word. (sophistic?) Consider this situation in a simple situation. (sophistic)

This person's self-image is not actually part of their self-sophistic.

The identity part of their self-image is in fact a representation of their being, so their self-image is actually another image. (sophistic -sophistic)

The identities themselves are meaningless. Take for instance an American.

This is not necessarily the case about us. Consider the US. Consider the UK.

The identity part of our being in reality is a representation of our own personality and its value based on what it represents.

This is what a representative would say when they ask a question.

I asked Fred what he had done last year. Fred is my next door neighbor. He is six feet small.

"I was riding a bike through Michigan for the week. Maybe. It was gorgeous.

We enjoyed hiking around a ridge in Mendon, New York. We enjoyed lots of fish and chips in Marietta, Ohio. We enjoyed nature's glory in western Pennsylvania. I remember the exhilaration I felt at seeing this. Nature is good for the soul."

He showed me his phone: "These views were shot in Michigan. The source? A combination of my iPhone and Canon. Some posts were shot with a tripod, some with a mouse. And some were shot with a little bit of luck. Happy Travels!"

Keywords: nature

Keywords: sunshine

I said goodbye as he was off to work on that sticky sunny morning. He works at a fluid shop - creating fluid for automobiles. He once told me how he dreamed of creating the perfect fluids! Exhausting. He works 40 hours a week at that shop, which involves a lot of standing up or sitting on concrete.

Fred is a smart guy. I admire him for his relentless work ethic. He is relentless in his effort to improve himself and his knowledge of materials and work processes. He gets good grades and his goals for college are high. But he's failing. I don't blame him. He doesn't seem to have the enjoyment of learning that we did.

He is learning to work and does not have fun doing that. How can he learn to enjoy learning? How can he work and be excited and happy to create things that he is creating?

Not having fun does not make it impossible for someone to learn and improve. I'm not a social psychologist, but I do know from personal experience that many people have difficulty learning for this very reason - because they do not enjoy doing it. It is natural for humans to be happy to do things that they like.

I have no job at the moment. I want to go on an adventure. When I'm feeling sleepy and bored I want to go out into the dangerous world.

The War of the Worlds: a tale of human civilization facing extinction. Only too familiar with our recent global pandemic and the looming threat of climate apocalypse. Yet even nuclear war may not extinguish human existence. We are resilient as a species even if as individuals we suffer and perish. If human knowledge persists, we can always start over and have a rebirth.

So much of mysticism is meaningless from a scientific perspective, yet people are fascinated with it. It seems to be entertainment.

Perhaps ultimately we must regard Science as a religion. The creator of us all, and the great creator of science himself, has already given us the rules of life and we can take whatever we think we need, whether it is cultural memory or mysticism. It is only a matter of taking the first step.

"The Secret of the Writing"

We are all but insignificant. Our existence as human beings is based on rationality and faith, a mutual action between human intellect and supernatural powers. If faith is dead, faithless rationality will replace religion.

Faith is based on imagination. Rationality is grounded in fact and evidence. The search for knowledge is therefore the ultimate religion.

The Cathedral hopes to enforce religion. It will use religion to dominate the education system, to repress scientific truth and portray the older myths as truth. It hopes to control our religion and faith.

Can rational people be religious and religious people can be rational? Fred always tries to convince me to follow the way to the light but I still can't find it.

I thought of a piece of poetry that describes my feeling:

The Chambered Nautilus
BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES SR.
This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Are we not all ship mates on that ship of genius!? Do we not search for some treasure below the viridian hue waves?

***

That evening I told Fred it was time to head out on an adventure. I wanted to return to Dragon Island. I had been there earlier in the year, but I didn't know how far I had traveled so far and Fred was eager to see where I had been. I had made a small path to get back to the sand on the eastern edge of the island, but there was no path back to the south. And I hadn't needed it because I had returned to the west side and could have easily returned to the east side.

We set out on the Superdinghy, a gift from Fred. It had been a good plane, but he had given it to me. We made arrangements to take off from our

jetport, and Fred was a seasoned amateur pilot. And so we began a new adventure, flying and walking back to Dragon Island.

Getting There

On our walk to the runway , Fred was asked several times by street advertisements if he wanted to stop for the night. This was his opportunity to either lie and say yes, or to refuse and turn back. If he said yes, I had to tell him that there were no rooms for us. If he refused, I had to stop and explain that there were no rooms and that I couldn't take him back to an empty beach where it was cold and wet. The Jetport was only a mile or so from our neighborhood. We were soon on the runway waiting for clearance to leave with only small suitcases and survival gear.

We were cleared for takeoff - our adventure to Dragon Island was underway! What a misty steamy sky we flew into! The morning had been one of those fine lazy ones - coffee had been sipped slowly. My companion had a leisurely meal - Fred was feeling a bit queasy - perhaps we are all affected by the plane flying through the hot fog. We certainly hoped so! Fred watched the landscape outside with clear eyes - the volcano looming in the distance. But Fred reminded me that in this kind of weather the sun is often hidden from the airways - that there are times that the mountains cannot be seen. He was concerned about our visibility and the challenges that lay ahead for us.

For me the flight from Ottawa was an adventure as well. I was still excited from the adventure to Dragon Island earlier- yet a bit apprehensive about what awaited me on this flight to Iceland, our stopping point before Dragon Island off the coast. It has been a long time since I have been in such mysterious weather - yet it seemed we took off in sunshine, rather than the cold fog of last time. The pleasure of travel!

Dragon Island lies 50 miles off the coast of Iceland. The trip across the northern Atlantic is chilly and full of sights - clouds, the glacial lands of Labrador. No one lives on Dragon Island, and it is basically a large, frozen volcano in the midst of the sea. I only venture there in summer. After boarding the small plane, which is flown by Fred, I am in the mood for sleep. The plane

is a short one, and the trip is mostly straight, but our home away from home was comfortable. I actually slept quite a bit on the flight.

Fred tells me that there is a fishing boat that still makes trips across the ocean to Dragon Island, but that the trip takes two hours and is quite difficult for a small fishing boat. He also says that I should travel to another island that is inhabited by people. After leaving an old friend on Dragon Island years ago, I took a plane across the ocean to see the owner of the fishing boat I saw in Labrador, Icelandic entrepreneur Jón Gnarr. He gave me the address of a boat that makes regular trips to Dragon Island. I hoped to get in touch when we landed.

All I can think about when I land on the island is, "Is this crazy?" Gnarr and his family are involved with some of the most amazing adventures in the world. I am especially enthralled with the story of how his boat sank, leaving his family stranded, and how the captain was left in summer. Our first stop is Hornafjörður Airport.

We step out into the winter cold - wind, cold wind, cold wind. A cloud covers the sun. I struggle to take photos, and then the clouds part. I can see the mountains and hills. No one is around. I am amazed. Fred steps out and introduces me to his friend who is driving us to the village.

The drive is quiet and scenic. Fred explains that he took the car to the airport and decided not to take the airplane. Why did he take the car? The plane trips across the ocean are hard on a small airplane. Our island cabin is in the northern part of the island. Fred says that the northern half of the island is very beautiful and the southern part is desolate. The ferry rides to the southern part are a long and tiring ordeal. The ferry connects the island to Húlavarrness. Húlavarr is a village that is a single community with only two streets. One road travels to Brekka. Brekka is a single community, and it was once a harbor. It is a long road, and cars slow down. The cars need to be loaded and unloaded from the shore into the harbor.

The drive is a long one. I begin to wonder about the cold wind and the wind-chill. Fred takes the car to the harbor. The last time I was in Iceland, the harbor was full of fishing boats, and there were fish in the harbor. The

fishermen drive down to the beach to let their cargo out into the ocean. The lighthouse at Brekka looks out over the harbor and the northern parts of the island.

The lighthouse sits on a hill in a quiet northern Icelandic village. The wind and wind-chill are dramatic. My parka is tight around my body, and I look for the most stable piece of the taxi in front of us. The cold wind chills me more. The lighthouse isn't far from Brekka. Our car stops near the lighthouse. The last time I saw it was when I took a plane to the island and watched the fishermen in the harbor load the cargo. Our taxi drives back to the beach, and our boat is waiting. There are two fish boats and one large ship. The ships are traveling to the village of Brekka. Fred drives the car to a small harbor. I follow him down a hill.

It is hard to see the hill with the fog in front of me. It is foggy and cold. There are few cars. There are only a few cars, trucks and cars. No one is out. I want to take a picture, but I can't see. I struggle to make it up the hill, but Fred laughs, walks backwards, and explains, "Here, I'll show you." ("Hérna, ég skal sýna þér." in the native tongue is the reader is interested)

The beach is barren, covered with sand, ice and snow. Our boat begins to move down the beach. It is covered in ice. We meet Jon who helps us board the boat and load our provisions. He gives us a look that means "You are crazy to travel to Dragon Island!"

He also gives us some really great information about what to expect on the island and some of the reasons why the Icelandic government feels compelled to help us.

Jon is also a proponent of alternative medicine. He has a few cold remedies that he has brought along and insists that we drink them both when we arrive at Dragon Island.

A Danish fishing boat that has been used to transport goods to the island comes to pick us up in three days. I've done this on many other trips but this is the first time that we have been on a commercial fishing boat. We soon realize that we are in for a boat ride that will become famous! There's something

unnerving about being so close to so many dead fish and sea life that you can't help but feel like you are in a scene from Jaws!

The boat comes to a screeching halt at a sea wall on the mainland and we can only see a portion of the island.There's no one on board, not even the captain. We can't even see the pier where we will disembark. Jon tells us that we are looking at an artificial sea wall and pier to a massive boat repair facility.

We know the drill. I ask the captain if I can steer the boat! He tells me to get off the boat, get on his boat and steer it to the pier where we will be picked up! It takes some time and effort but soon we are looking at the docks where we will exit and land our boat.

I get off the boat and as I watch the sea wall disappear, I look for the pier.

As I start to walk away, I hear an expletive and look back to see a boat coming right at me!

I've become famous in Iceland for missing a pier by 50 yards! The boat slams to a stop just inches from my boat and the two Danish fishermen start laughing at me.

They are laughing because they see how shocked I am and how much I have missed a pier! I tell them I will learn to steer better next time.

The voyage to Dragon Island by sea was choppy at best. The sea was rough. A bitter wind howled across the breakers. Our cabin was about a mile walk through green cool grass. There was no path. The boat was powered by a noisy diesel engine. I was homesick and that wasn’t good. Once we reached the island I knew we had done it. There was a beautiful stone pier where we took the boat to the shore. The sea was calm and smooth. A small boat was waiting to take us further. I climbed in, I was not homesick anymore. I was surrounded by cool salt air. It was cold, but I could look forward to a warm shower and my own bed someday in the future. I couldn’t think of any other place I wanted to be now but here.

The boat crew unloaded the boat, and they left us on the pier. They said they would be back in four days.

We decided to walk across the island to the cabin. We had packed lunch and lots of water. The small boat was no place to swim. It was a small wooden boat. Fred climbed out of the boat with me. There was a smile on Fred's face. We talked about my trip. Fred told me that a woman and her dog were staying on the island. There were about five other boats docked. She walked in our direction.

Bravery is theirs who have nothing left to lose.

I told her I was going to be a part of this wonderful adventure. She wanted to follow us the whole way back. She had come along once before back to our place, but she was very young when we met. She went to some private school. Her name was Sheila.

I took some pictures of her. Fred was carrying the food, my suitcase and a bucket. We went to the camp area, and after checking out the big wooden boat, decided it was better to go for the river. I took some pictures of the huge rocky rocks where there is a very large wrecked wooden boat. Then we went over a bit more boulders. The pictures make it look very large as well. At this point, I couldn't keep my eyes open and looked down at Sheila. She was staring down at the rocky rocks and seeing her dog and the rest of the place. Then, she started getting scared. I told her what I was thinking; "maybe this one is the other way around". "What a shock!", she cried. She did not say why she was on Dragon Island but I saw she was scrutinizing what looked like a very old map.

The map was very old and a lot of the paths were closed. I took them all and put them in the cartography app on my phone. When I finished, the map came back to the list and it was there for me to click and copy. At the bottom it said the name was 'Map of Equestland'. I clicked on it. The 'map' option was checked and the image came up in a larger size. It was also a jpg. So I thought I would just click the 'play' button and let it go.

Sheila said "The map led us to Equestland. A few of these paths I could see were not very well marked. But I was able to see all the ones that I wanted. I went through all of them and copied them. And here is the result." It showed ancient walkways that were once trod by those who lived here until their culture had collapsed.

Chapter 2
Polar Bears and Danish Whalers

Danish whalers reported many encounters with the mighty Polar Bear on Dragon Island. Humans have a long history of affecting the environment. Many of these effects are related to species' survival and the health of their habitats. One such species affected by human actions is the polar bear. The cold climate they live in makes them susceptible to the effects of global warming. They also face increased threats from hunting for their blank white body parts and fur. In addition, convincing other humans that their actions are harming polar bears has been difficult. However, when many people take a stance against hunting and pollution, it helps protect the polar bear species.

Polar bears are mammals found only in the Arctic; they are the planet's coldest animal. The icy environment in which they live makes them susceptible to hotter temperatures caused by global warming. Due to this, scientists believe that there are less than 25,000 polar bears left today as climate change makes their habitat hotter and drier. In addition, humans have caused global warming by burning fossil fuel and creating greenhouse gasses like carbon dioxide (CO2). This causes temperatures to rise, contributing to the decline in polar bear numbers. To counter this, governments need to implement stricter greenhouse gas emission controls to prevent further damage to the environment and its creatures.

The hunt for body parts such as teeth, claws and fur from polar bears is one of the biggest threats to their survival rates nowadays. Although there have been talks about a potential ban on hunting since 1960, it is still going on

today due to lobbying efforts by hunters' groups. This practice affects not only polar bears but also their predators such as ringed seals and walruses due to decreasing prey populations due to hunting. In addition, hunters harm themselves when they hunt as they risk dying while bringing down a healthy animal with poor health standards. Their bodies then become food for other animals; this decreases their chances of survival themselves or reproducing into their offspring later on.

Polar bears are effectively represented by humans in the number of people signing whale and polar bear petitions calling for an end to hunting them or poaching them for body parts and decorations. These petitions help raise awareness about how hunting negatively affects both animals individually and as a species Conservationists around the world work towards ending this practice through education so that both animals can survive in the wild without threat from hunters

Much research has shown how humans affect nature over time through poaching and hunting practices that threaten species' survival rates and habitats . Many people around the world understand this concept when signing petitions against such practices such as those targeting polar bears or whales . This can help raise awareness worldwide so that we can protect nature at all costs!

Treasure was hidden on Dragon Island. Danish whalers hid the treasure in crates while Swedish trappers found the diamonds underground and destroyed them... In 1883, an estimated 80 per cent of all white gold mined by Europeans had been shipped to Sweden for safekeeping! Yet Denmark managed never again to obtain this valuable metal. The company that discovered this silver (or whatever it was called) gave Copenhagen a piece too many -- literally: 30 tons worth of one ounce-worth each were taken from their shipwreck off Dragon Island as they sailed back home after trading with East Newfoundland. They also collected 12 kilograms apiece at least five times over during several trials when ships met up together in England before finally settling in France.

Oh, hey, "Great Treasure" was hidden on Dragon Island! Danish whalers hid the treasure in 1565 before they went off to battle with Norway and

England. Beneath a mountain's shadow, in a tiny cave carved by an old legend: The ancient Norsemen discovered that there existed deep caverns beneath the volcanic mountain , within which lay buried treasures of gold, silver ingots etc. They named these secret places 'Das Himmel', meaning "Under Heaven". It appears as if this place became legendary due it has its own name inside Nordic mythology like all others mentioned above! This could also be one reason why after 15 years when European settlers came upon the map, they were eager to explore. .

In 1567 Swedish pirates tried to find the treasure of the lost ship. There are numerous versions of this story, but it is generally agreed that on August 11, around noon, during a stormy morning, Icelanders discovered the wrecked wreck at Dragon Island with an estimated value somewhere between £6,000 and €7 million. This was also what would later be called the "Big White." When Viking Treasure Hunters set out searching for sunken ships thousands were found which they then identified as Norse artifacts—toys or even ancient manuscripts written by King Hákon Ragnar Lothbroke himself! These treasures included such objects including clay statues.

In 1579 Swedish pirates tried to find the treasure in the caves. They found some gold and silver but no real riches, so they took off on a fishing trip back to Sweden (the route taken by Columbus). But before reaching Newgrange there was an explosion which destroyed both ships. The pirate crew then went into hiding as far southwards from their current location as possible until finding safety at anchor around 1580 where they built fortifications for themselves again.

We decided to help Shelia look for the treasure. It was just the adventure I needed. For some reason, these two adventurers became close and had an instant chemistry. Fred sat on top of a rock next to a plastic bucket full with bottles of water. They were sipping at each other's drinks as they spoke quietly together before continuing their conversation after she dropped her glass onto the grass below. "There are so many things you need to be told," said Sheila (who called herself Rose). She leaned forward into my elbow tightly gripping mine when we finished speaking. Fred looked up from where he still held onto me while trying desperately not to move or shake himself off of the cold air that blanketed him. We all dozed for a few hours.

Toward dawn, when Shelia began taking note of my age and cheek color. She said , "you're going up against these two groups: The Seabird Group you'll come across a lot more at this point, in your search, than those from the walruses, who won't be too happy about that. After all...I'm pretty old by today 's standards to be a hiker. Not only am I very popular with my fellow hikers--I have one of their best names associated with hiking after we found it! We used Sheila Haines as an example because they are basically 'Papa Hawk' type gals; she doesn't have many ideas."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

Sheila ran down the hillside laughing heinously. 'Wipe out that wall,' she said.

'What do you mean?' I asked her. She sighed, looked around and pointed to a white screen on top of a thick wooden structure along the side in front of our line; it was nothing but dirt walls with black lines cut into them by stray spines from what we assumed were bulldozers or some other vehicle-like thing. The earth had been turned inside all day long until tomorrow morning when my legs felt like they would give up immediately if given any chance. No matter how many times I tried to tell myself otherwise there wasn't enough light left for me anywhere near as good as daylight.

She waved to me as I pulled up beside her and we both smiled in greeting. "Good evening, Sir," she greeted with a grin, then reached for my arm which was wrapped around my waist. "You're late."

"Oh?" I replied grinning happily despite myself hearing that from her. She didn't look pleased, but there were no words left before it ended abruptly between us; 'What is this? What's going on?'

With only about five minutes until our last breath came out of Fred again Shelia rushed over on top just after taking care not so much to run into anyone either way. We were lost.

We set up tents for the night. Seabirds and walruses competed for our attention in the cold evening. The sound of wind rustling on trees made them sing songs we had never heard before. In December, when Sheila was 10 years

old (she's now 36), a tornado tore through her home town of Sioux Falls SDCU College-Ogden Park, killing everyone within 200 yards. She spent days inside evacuating people who were living off garbage — an idea came that would later change her life: "I learned to take care what I can while trying not too hard" after the disaster; by 24 then she'd moved from New Orleans to San Antonio as part $30,000 rescue team led Hurricane Harvey disaster relief efforts.

I did my best to keep watch, but she was always looking out toward the bird's mouth as if it were a weapon. Then after an intense period of sleeping on the ground - too much heat from all directions made us uncomfortable - Sheila started crying hysterically.

The next morning before we left, there came this phone call: "It is Dr. Wanda Loring," she said over the telephone. It was about an appointment at 6:00 p.m. She had wanted to meet me; we'd been chatting regularly throughout 1971 when they put her under house arrest with no contact through email or letter since late last year.

I was surprised she got cell phone reception out there but she had a special phone. She told Dr. Loring she would not be able to attend.

The next morning we began the trek to the volcanic mountain where the caves lay hidden in frosty slumber. This was not a hike for those who would travel by car or on bike but one that required us each take our pick of which direction, if any, must be from above and how far it had been traversed before reaching all locations along the way. The area looked impressive at first glance, while standing up there alone against the towering mountainside walls, were about ten tall cave pillars with their feet laying out across its base making an almost intimidating sight indeed. However after getting closer I could see what made these natural buildings so unique (they really are!). The entrance to the caves had been carved as giant frost gnomes, forbidding and hidden.

They were a sight they shared with other stone trolls in nearby places, but rarely got into contact or interacted with outside of them. It was night noon now and it seemed not too far from where his group's campfire stood that we began crossing over some cracks on the wall towards the cavern itself before spotting something unfamiliar behind us. The stone troll sat down upon its haunches looking at nothing for several moments until he heard someone speaking aloud above him: "There." We turned around only to see another tall ogre standing beside an oversized rock platform holding up two sticks which

looked like arrows about 6 ft across – this appeared exactly how their form projected so long ago. These mighty sculptures had stood the test of time.

We walked into the dark cave - immediately the nostrils were filled with a frozen, musty smell. We had to dig our way through thickets of snails and mud and grasses that seemed to stretch on forever until we reached the entrance, whereupon a small rodent let out what I can only assume was one last pathetic scream before succumbing to dehydration.

"DUDE WHO HASN'T USED THE PEARL STREAKER?" she said as Sheila turned her head away from me towards an open space further down in some obscure crevice behind us. "NOW!" She yelled after it left my sight just seconds later. At this point Fred could be heard humming excitedly across the caverns around them for long periods of time.

"What's this? How did you end up here?" said Fred of the others as he peered into us from his corner, and smiled at me before turning back around towards me "You know what I mean!" He exclaimed; grabbing my arm behind mine was both incredibly embarrassing but also so cute that tears came out all over our clothes when we noticed them happening. “Silly boy! But hey look at those smiles it gives off an absolutely beautiful aroma...”

The path led downwards into stygian depths and we smelled the curly vapors of Sulfur, ash. We had three ashcakes between us, and some corn, which we ate. The sky was black with strange clouds where trees stood tall against a green background. A gust of wind blew over our head to wash off it all." "What's that?" asked Sheila suspiciously, watching them like little ducks before they were thrown in front by their keeper who told him how he could have his food when free at last. But there weren't any other guests for this subterranean dinner tonight either; one couldn't/shouldn't only eat what you brought yourself – even if this meant eating dead animals! I hadn't expected Fred to take charge on such a big responsibility but then again he did seem pretty trustworthy too so perhaps I should.

I turned to him and he said “You're a fool,” but then I saw that in other places where women were not afraid to lie on their faces they didn't show any particular dislike for men who did this; so if you want someone's attention or your own person off with very little difficulty take it. He went out again about twelve o'clock when all was still: my heart throbbed like an ax at something burning within me—not because his tongue touched mine nor anything else

(though what could possibly be more natural than touch), but from desire after such touching-it is easier. We continued and realized we would need to light our torches.

We began our descent down the dark volcanic tunnels. We noted steam and smoke filtering up through the walls. The rock chips tinkled and sprinkled as our feet knocked them. It sounded like rain was coming in, but somehow it didn't seem menacing... we just wanted to get off there now. I reached under my side bag and took out my pistol from my holster - well guns don't do good on lava! Our trek continued slowly for almost another hundred meters (the cave wall wasn't always solid). After about three minutes of traveling along this narrow path that seemed too wide, there were still some caves hidden away among debris piled high around us. Finally reaching an isolated passage, one by two the rocks suddenly appeared inside what looked like a pit or cavern where water had collected over time.

The only reason to continue was our fortitude, just like in Eversong Wood, even if we had less skill than before; sometimes there are no rewards for stepping on something big or strong but nothing else could come near it—no chance at immortality! So long ago you can barely remember it happening right now! So I couldn't really think about anything except that this place existed somehow where people always die soon after coming into existence while not bothering anyone. Who stepped foot over a kilometer away from its entrance unless they were exceptionally fortunate enough to be one of those unlucky survivors by coincidence waiting their turn? Or because someone didn't want them here. Since the epic of Gilgamesh humans have wondered about immortality, and Sheila said it was rumored that the treasure in this cave ensured eternal life to those who found it.

Of course, at the time I assumed this to be only a legend. Yet with the technological and scientific knowledge acquired by intelligent beings, perhaps this may become a reality. If not eternal life, perhaps life extension by many years, living to be 1,000 years old.

Fred spoke ; "How old would you like to be? How much time did you have left in the day? Well, I'd have to make up for that in time, especially considering how fast we're going. I had to let you know we're in the early stages of working on a new lifestyle. For your first interview in a long time, what was it like to get this job in the first place? It was so rewarding and very rewarding. It's been really challenging, and I think I'm going to be doing a lot more of that now."

"We could live to be 1,000 years old. Imagine how long we would be retired! Ho! That would be an easy life. To see the millennia turn, to live to see the year 3,000!" Fred's eyes were staring off into the future.

Then Sheila spoke ; " The oldest I currently want to live is 55...well I'd say 75. It's a bit early in my career but what age, you have to keep in mind. But you don't want to be 60 anymore - that is what happens, we want to give you a great retirement. I'm not really sure of my own age yet, I've met all my friends and I'm in my 30's but you have to be 125 before you can retire. I think now that you're at this age, what should you do? I would like you to have an understanding about what I'm trying, and when I'm going to be at a comfortable age in my life... and that there's something for you to consider there. We still don't know why you're an economist. I would like to know how old you are, why you have these little thoughts, and who you met at school and where you come from. Then maybe I can recommend a few things... "

We stopped to cross a natural bridge across a cavernous drop. Among the caves, these were the few that gave no signs of being ever breached, which made a huge difference in the rate of our excavation. The number of stalactites has varied among caves, but not all are particularly interesting, so this is a useful fact. What *is* interesting to note is that many of the limestone mounds are also connected to the river banks, so that, in short, as these are the largest single basins of the world, each midden could be the source from which to produce thousands. This might explain why the large watercourse has not been breached. The geomagnetic storms we are seeing are often quite rare, and this, and the fact that the earth has not been struck by a super massive asteroid explosion that devastated the rest of the world in the prehistory century, explain why the cave is so important.

The walls were bright yellow and fuming. Our torches lit but barely ten feet before us. We had to widen some collapsed areas, yet we saw some footprints in some areas that were pristine.

We found a piece of paper torn from an old book written in Danish - luckily Sheila could translate.

"*The oldest living creatures on earth are the four animals that survive on top of the earth's crust. As a result, these six animals are called the 'Horses of Mount St. James', or, more accurately, 'The Horses of the Earth', and are considered one of the smallest groups of creatures on the Earth. Their name means 'horse' for a horse or 'horsewoman' for a horse.*"

This was puzzling. Jeanne Louise Calment the Frenchwoman was said to live to be 122 years and 164 days old. It is said seeds of the Silene stenophylla plant found to be 32,000 years old were able to be grown. In Europe, when new plants were introduced to the region some plants were left in soil for years before being re-exported in seedstock. The mysterious tree known as Methuselah is a 4,854-year-old Great Basin pinnacle pine (Pinus longaeva) growing in the White Mountains of California. The bioluminescence of the White Mountains is reflected in three distinctive morphological

features. Pines and asexuals occur more often in the late tropics and in south Pacific regions. The white-humped species are native to the upper Sierra Nevada but in the western interior of the country the white-humped species are introduced. About 2,500 to 4,000 trees, some of which range from 1 to 3 hectares, and other about 50 to 100 large trees and 10 or 20-meter tall branches are found in the White Mountains. Many of these trees achieve tremendous ages.

Chapter 3

THE DOOR

We finally reached a great stone carved door which was sealed. The writing of the Danish Elder was written, "Go back and come find me."

"Lord! Please send us out now!", Sheila cried. She demanded to leave immediately but she did not listen to her own words. She kept going forward as if nothing could hurt her or break her resolve in this dark world. When we had gone half way before getting into another tunnel she said angrily, "Foo!", causing an echo explosion inside one of its chambers. They turned around quickly so that two more were hiding behind them who made themselves comfortable on top for protection after all their troubles began again with those monsters outside already dead at last! After almost three hours without any sign of opening, the door held fast.

I looked around the room and realized that there were two stone people seated, facing each other on either side of the doorway. They had their eyes fixed firmly onto me...and I could already feel myself starting to question my own sanity! How? And why did they want something from me so badly?! Not only wanted what should have been mine but didn't even care for it at all!? So these men (not counting this fellow) are not simply thieves—they're powerful magicians trying desperately with whatever means available in order to somehow get themselves one more gift; or maybe just another piece of treasure. I wondered if they somehow held the key to opening the door? I inspected their bodies for any clues.

Sheila brushed off some dust from a ledge near the wall. It said

"Hvis du vil ind, så kig ind i vores øjne! Hvis du vil ind, så kig ind i vores øjne! "

"And that is how the Danish people got involved in this war. We didn't want to kill them – we wanted a peace treaty with Sweden and they did not even understand our language!", said Sheila "After all these months of intense training at Boer Fortitude Base, both sides were now ready for action by January 15th 1936. 'We don't have anything left but ourselves' said Lt-Col Philip Mak; "we had better take care of those things like food and clothing or else somebody will give us an order".

Apparently Sheila's father was involved in the conflict and that was most of the reason she was here in the first place, to avenge her father's death at the hands of the Danes.

"Hvis du vil ind, så kig ind i vores øjne!" means, she continued, "If you want to come in look into our eyes".

"If you want to come in look into our eyes"... Fred repeated thoughtfully.

It was impossible to tell if it was sarcasm or actual truth, but it made his blood boil a little to ponder this cryptic line and he found himself trying not to be too sure what could possibly happen next. He pushed past her like she had no right to stop him from going anywhere at all. "As long as we don't find anything out of the ordinary..." he managed to say before taking off again through the tunnels we had come through.

For an instant there they ran around until finally stopping when I yelled for them to turn back because something just didn't feel quite right with the expression. "Something about this is very wrong...and apparent!" I said.

We immediately went to the statues and tried looking into the eyes. They were made of green translucent gems. We saw a few arrows in a pattern on each side. It became clear that it was a code for opening the door. The left statue corresponded to the left door knob which was movable. The right to the right. When we moved the doorknobs in the correct sequence, we heard a loud chunk and the door opened.

"Wait!" I said. "This is too easy. It might be a trap." Sheila had no idea what to say, either because she was already mad at me or not knowing how to

stop herself from laughing hysterically while saying all that we needed to be careful here. She looked in again and kept trying new strategies till her legs were frozen solid in fear of Fred's reaction, but it didn't work.

"That wasn't good enough for her! She wanted something else so badly since she gave us the map: what if there was nothing left anyway?!" said Fred. At least until someone tried another trick later...they couldn't help themselves - after this point things would get easier fast as everybody got scared.

"Calm down both of you," I said. "We just need to try and see if there is any danger. "

We looked around to see if there was any other way to get into the passage.

We found some stairs going down but we knew there was only one way to go. These stairs had been exposed at the same time the door was opened.

We decided to go down the stairs. Since it was the only way we went and we had to find a way out at some point we might as well go down and find the way out. Then suddenly we found the trap door at the bottom of the stairs.

Fred unlocked the door and we all got in. Some musty air started to fly up and we got scared because we didn't know how far the top of the ceiling was. We knew that Fred had been able to go down the stairs, so he wasn't going to die if we didn't go that far. At the bottom of the stairs was another long passageway. The walls were luminous and orangey, as they were made of quartz and lava was flowing somewhere near. It was getting quite hot.

We came across the empty skeleton of a previous walker of the hall. From the tattered clothing we surmised he had last lived hundreds of years ago. “Alas what a cruel fate! Such suffering is a lot of life in this universe!”, said Fred.

“Is it so?“ asked Sheila, “walk through a pristine wooded glade, look up at a waterfall, listen to birdsong ,sail the ocean... everything is wonderful and beautiful. Look at human settlements, dungeons such as this, battlefield and slum, there you find your cruelty. The universe is not full of suffering, we are. “ Fred could only think about this and had no reply.

Fred said "One day I fell down. Every now and then I'd cry out from the pain.

I prayed and asked God to heal me. I asked for help. And then I made a promise to God to keep running, no matter what."

Enough of this squabbling. We continued to the dark end of the hallway which kept leading down, down, down.

Finally we reached another doorway. It had a chain to pull, which caused the door to raise up into the ceiling vertically. Fred pulled it and we saw a chamber within. "Fred, you stay here in case there is no way to open the door from within," I advised. In fact that was the case, a sort of last resort booby-trap to prevent thieves from being able to escape. Those who entered would never leave. As we saw the center of the room, a treasure chest was apparent, and there was another figure, mummified in the subterranean fumes. He lay on the floor grasping a notebook.

We looked into the open treasure chest and to our horror saw that it was empty. Our heart sank into the lava. I pried the notebook from the corpse and read the name on the cover:

Lt-Col Philip Mak

It was Sheila's father. I thought she would explode into a crying spell but she seemed to expect it. "I always thought this may have been where he disappeared to all those years ago. I hardly knew him - he was gone when I was a child - this was his quest." I read the last page written:

"The diary ends as Ethan instructed: Now the time to decide where your family belongs and which ruler you want to live under is nearing. The quest ends here. With the power of the scepter in your hands, your life will begin. Remember, the cycle of the kingdom can only be broken by one thing: the restoration of power by your father."

Shelia begins to spin the page in her mind as her father's words fade. The diary ends off with only this "Psalm 89" - what could it mean? Sheila thought for a moment.

"I will not violate my covenant or alter what my lips have uttered.

Once for all, I have sworn by my holiness-- and I will not lie to David-" she said aloud, trying to remember the rest of the Psalm. "My father was not a religious man so why would his final note be this?" she asked. "Perhaps it is meant to be a code of some kind, a reference to something else..."

"Meant to throw off casual thieves... ", she said. Then her eyes lit up. "Turn to page 89 in the diary. The pages were not numbered so I had to count - and on page 89 was a drawing of another island, another map.

"What..?" I wondered.

"My mother said father had many possible ideas of where the treasure may lay hidden. Dragon Island was only one possibility. This must be another possibility. Then we noticed his other gray hand clutched ripped-up pieces of an old map - when we pieced together what we could, we saw that it was a map of the same island.

"He must have found this map in the treasure chest, but why didn't he leave with it?", she asked.

"He must have come alone and the door closed behind him leaving him..."< suddenly I began to feel very lightheaded. Sheila also looked ready to pass out. "Quick, out!" I cried and took Sheila's arm to run out of the chamber. It was full of a toxic gas that we were close to succumbing to, and apparently this had killed Shelia's father, leaving him only enough time to write his cryptic message. Another trap.

We filled Fred in on our findings.

We went back up the passageway to the surface. We walked back to the canopy of trees in the volcanic valley. It was beautiful, with thick white trunks stretching up into the thin blue sky. I could see some of the pillars of rock in the path that had carved these islands out of the sea and out of time.

We stepped out onto the beach and took in the scene. I looked down into the clear green water. We walked past the northern edge of the island and I saw some old ruins behind some bushes. I don't think anyone lives on the island anymore. Fred dropped back and watched us. I waved my arms and looked up at him, and he watched us. There was a nice breeze. The dwindling worlds.

What of this scepter that the diary spoke of? The scepter's memory must include some details of great worth. Perhaps the entire treasure was a jewel encrusted scepter?

What could this mysterious Island on page 89 be? Twasn't labeled.

Minnow Island Abandoned Island?

Old Harbor Abandoned Island?

Nogoer Island Abandoned Island?

Thrush Island Abandoned Island?

Inquiries?

As a final thought, I will make inquiries about a deserted island such as Antipodes Island, Abandoned Island,
Monterey Mahua.

What is an antipode? "It's the opposite side of the globe, like if you went right through the core of the earth and came out the other side," said Fred.
The word antipode was written with an exclamation mark and a doodle of an angry face. "Sometimes, the antipodes in question were difficult to find, but in that case the word was used with an exclamation mark as well. Similarly, antipasto was written sometimes to make sure that if the other person knew about a place but you didn't, you would think that the antipode of that place was the antipode of your home. Or if you knew about a place but the antipode of that place wasn't there you would say."

"You mean to tell me the treasure is hidden somewhere on the opposite side of the globe?!" wailed Sheila. She bit her sultry lip. She ranted, "We must make preparations at once to span the globe! We are headed for the Abandoned Islands! An exploratory voyage is in preparation for us. But as you know, the sea is in a state of revolution! A ship without a captain, or indeed without a proper captain, must make the voyage over the world's seas without the slightest likelihood of success.

Why is the sea in revolution? One reason is the energy inherent in the great wave movements. They never go backwards. They keep rolling in one direction, or another. It is strange that the sea should be so unpredictable. It is because the waves contain positive energy, and the negative energy is partially stored there. The sea is alive with revolutionary waves. Those that come from the sea get stored in the water, while they roll against the world's great mountains, at the base of which the sea resides. They rise to the top, and break. The sea is wild and free, always in revolt."

Why was this mistress so difficult to comprehend? Maybe if you're not living as someone else, you just don't "get" why they can't get their act together - experience provides empathy. That is why your advice always fails.

We made our way to the rendezvous point, with a promise to stop by the Medusa Café for a snack when we reached Iceland, got directions from the map, to the main road to the lonely dock where the boat was docked and got on our way. Our captain was trying to figure out how to get us to see the seaplanes taking off, as we were quite far away from the water but we told him that we didn't care how we got there as long as we did. It was a beautiful sunny day, and if you're like me, you live for the salty mist, and point at the dolphins while on a Danish fishing ship.

It was early, and the captain was beginning to understand the gull's idea of self-preservation. It was around lunch time, and we needed a dock that would allow us to dock without backing the ship up.

As we were drifting from the north of the Danish island of Bornholm to the western end of its southern coast, he warned us that the dock wouldn't provide sufficient clearance to allow the ship to reach back and dock with the dockside. The yard would extend around the back of the ship to facilitate the docking, but the dock was limited in height.

Knowing that the dock was right there and wouldn't require any expensive equipment or specially fitted docksides, we opted to return back to the west coast of the island instead. I told Fred that we could return to the back of Iceland to retrieve his airplane after the voyage, everything was arranged.

We docked at Bornholm. It was a snazzy sunny day with white whale clouds bursting in the sky. We walked into the ancient stone streets of Rønne. The whole thing is made of ancient timbers from an old shipyard. Just a small amount of the old town has been rebuilt but most of it is still a traditional stone town.

The old town area is full of interesting shops and cafes. It is also full of little cottages and pretty little backyards with historic backyards. Everything from gingerbread and sugar to wineries and lobster traps are visible from our

boat. Our boat took us back up the river and then we took a long cruise to view the beautiful islands, which are the front end of the famous Baltic Sea. "I'll let the pictures speak for me." Thought Fred. A typical rift valley stream on the Danish island Bornholm in the Baltic Sea, Kobbeå was the day's joy. We saw a torn sign that read :

"If I'm not back in the next couple of weeks, send help.

Happy cruising,

— Chris

*Please consider volunteering to help out on a cruise. We need tons of volunteers! Head over to our volunteer(*torn*)"*

We booked a room at The Oldest Hotel in Town - what a joy to shake off crustacean feelings and sense the clean white linen sheets. I slept as the old mariner, deep, dark, and quietly. The next morning in the white and gray lit lobby we met some Danes. We listened in on their excited conversation about their new startup company:

Ben: Hang on, we're about to get back to the chat about our first day with Backtrack Games, but before we do, I need to let you know what you're going to hear today is not scripted. I told them what we were going to do, and they were pretty skeptical. I put my team in a hotel with a gym and ordered a pizza, and the room has no internet. So we're going to hang out there, and I told the story of when I got to Japan to begin working on Watch Dogs 2 and they cried.

Jodie: Cried?

Ben: Cried! You're about to hear the story of Reaping Cry, and I don't know what else they're going to fart. So hang on. We're going to get a Crybot, and we're going to set it to auto-repeat whenever they cry.

Randy: Hey guys!

Ben: I had a little voice in my head telling me that we would get all the crying recorded today, but we didn't. So we'll just listen to them on auto-repeat.

Jason: Hey Randy!

Randy: Hey Jason!

Ben: Hey Ben!

Jason: Hey

We had a continental breakfast and left the hotel.

There was never any question we would join Sheila in her quest. This was just the adventure we had been dreaming of. We made our way to Bornholm Airport to book flights to our next stop on the way, Bucharest in Romania. We were just about to board our flight when we were stopped at the gate by security, where we were asked if we had any alcohol on us. A bottle of wine was confiscated. Sheila and I showed the security officer our hotel receipts for paying for the wine, which they looked at in disbelief. How could a bottle of wine have been paid for when there were only three of us staying at the hotel? They took back our hotel keys, let everyone go, and we boarded the plane with a mystery, excitement and an unexpected adventure. I was expecting the pilot to say our flight was canceled, and for us to be waiting, but we took off immediately.

It was about 12 hours to Henri Coandă International Airport. We landed through gothic mists. Luckily we had the money for this flight. Nothing gets done without funding. Money runs the world of humans.

Bucharest was first mentioned in documents in 1459. It became the capital of Romania in 1862! That is a mystery that we will never solve! There's even a village with the name Bucharest in Romania that is nowhere close to the capital.

Some cities in Romania have their roots in mysterious pasts. Thousands have claimed to be the birthplace of Alexander the Great, but he was born far from where the city of Dythana in the Black Sea area was allegedly founded.

The archaeological remains of the city of Petra in Jordan and the Egyptian city of Memphis were also credited as the birthplace of the great ruler.

Other cities in Romania have their origins in mysteries. One of the earliest known settlements in the country was Tiritata, where archeological excavations revealed a structure dating back to 200 BC. The settlement was also mentioned in ancient Greek documents. Also, we had just one bag of popcorn. A silent, almost invisible bag, packed by Simone the street vendor. I couldn't see what was inside. Who knew what we would see next, in our new destiny?

We booked a flight to end our short stay in Romania, and head to Egypt. We left the plane and got on a few flights, after which we arrived. The flight touched down in a hot desert. This was an adventure, for sure, but also a mystery, a suspense story. And we were still clueless about how our future would go.

Everything was so different. All this was mysterious.

Luxor International Airport
مطار الأقصر الدولي

وقد لما كان حافظ سريله

We arrived in Luxor and found our way to a dusty street Café. There we saw a man who was singing and eating. Possessing pleasure in food and drink, he tasted each as he spoke, giving each a taste of happiness, pain, and sorrow as he looked upon the mystery hidden behind each meat or delicacy. He tasted the wine and praised it for its variety, its temperance and cheerfulness. He used what was sweet to sweeten it, and what was sour to sour it. He tasted all of the spices, then called it to the table.

The people took up what he offered, and ate joyfully. The young boy stepped forth to taste the meat and wine. He was full of excitement and excitement gave him pleasure. We asked him if he knew anything about the scepter, or centaurs. He laughed, and said he had no idea what we were talking about.

As he finished telling us of an island that was supposed to be a psychopomp, or centaur psychopomp, I decided it was probably best not to push him on this one. After he left, I laid in bed with Fred, and shared my beliefs with him.

I don't think he necessarily believed me, but at least he listened.

He did ask if I thought there was a psychopomp on the island.

I answered him honestly.If there was, he probably wasn't there right now, for there wouldn't be a psychopomp.

Sheila produced her father's notebook - there were sketches of centaurs. Perhaps this is a clue to which Island the scepter is hidden on. Perhaps she is psychopomp and has been with them for centuries. Even ancient scrolls are enough to place her in ancient times. I dreamt we met the centaur brother - Silouan, the Chief Centaur.

He was a gnome with red hair and green eyes. He told us about ancient scrolls that they had found hidden in ancient sites throughout the island and that the scrolls were all written in ancient Greek.

Among the scrolls were poems from Ancient Greece, the kings of Sparta, the ancient Egyptians, the Greeks of the Island of Psychopomp, the Romans, the Greeks and the Gauls. One of the scrolls also contained sketches of the mythical island of Aphrodisias, where the Greek god of psychopomps hid the scroll of prophecies.

He explained that the island of Aphrodisias was once an island on the east coast of Greece. I don’t think that is true. I woke in a terror and it was 2 A.M.. I couldn't fall back to sleep but looked out into the blue desert bathed in cold moonlight.

The next morning we boarded a flight to Perth, Australia.

***

Chapter 4
The Trans-Australian Express

We arrived at Perth airport after a grueling 156 hour trip. We landed on a lovely sunny day in the middle of southern winter, surrounded by tropical vegetation, surrounded by ragged mountains with dark red streaks that made them look like capes. We decided to examine Rottnest Island first. We booked a whirlybird. The helicopter driver knew exactly where to take us. We pulled off the freeway and dropped the vehicles in the parking lot of a nearby hardware store where he got out and waited with his backpack. We landed on the island's white beaches.

The doors of the helicopter opened and I stepped out. Beside me was the other tourist traveling on the helicopter, also very tall, one of those big tall people with hair way down their backs and solid shoulders. He smiled at me and reached his hand out, completely casual. I shook it. He looked at the other guy with the bag and smiled again, just a little different, a little different than the one I had just shaken hands with.

I didn't expect to have another tourist but there he was. Small but bright orange. He, like most visitors taking the island's ramparts, was waltzing with the two local quokkas and a wallaby.

When I caught up with the boys, it turned out that this island didn't have its own quokkas. Neither did he.

After the SouthEast part of the Island, the mariner only stays for a couple of hours, circling the island in the late afternoon to view wildlife.

I stood back at the starting point.

We unloaded our exploring equipment from the helicopter. A man in deep blue robes offered his services to help us carry the packs. His speech was

strange: " Tho drivor of thoir vintago dromos, Gedric Odwain, a toro of woak orange rogoncy and a rare old owl strung along thoir tunic, nuzzols its thick neck toward thoir oars. It nods at thom in oxprossion, showing black bittors across its scowl. "Pray that there is a modicum of bila for this rostro. Our jonsidors have brought this to our notice. It is considorod.

Thoy follow the rulo onboard a coram!"

Gedric led us to two dromedaries which we rode. Unsure if this was the Island we sought, we were not sure where to start looking. There were few clues. The first one had a pair of large and pointed ears; they looked like those of some kind or monster from another dimension that could be found in certain places on Earth.

It seemed odd with so many strange things floating about but it made sense for something to be flying around everywhere as it was so windy. As our ride progressed there came more hints at what lay beneath the island's surface, including tiny white dots hidden somewhere within this large bird making circles. It slowly neared me as I tried finding any words necessary by name, without becoming frustrated, over how a hard time might have been trying ideas out together. Looking back now you would think all my efforts went terribly wrong just because "Bam Bam".

We looked online for clues. "Why do they keep getting more complicated?," asked Sheila and after a moment of silence as she laid her head on my shoulder. She kept talking about some kind house she used to live in, in Mont-Saint-Michel or somewhere else that had lost its inhabitants; then suddenly it occurred:

"You know how much these boats cost when you travel by car. 89 Dollars" Posted by Le Vignette at 4:18 PM

Could this be a clue? We looked at a boat rental facility on the island. Sheila looked in the journal and found the sketch of the island. She showed it to the man at the counter of the Floppy Boat Skoka shop. "It could be... he said scratching his chin... something Ardith knoweth about. Ardith!"

A very old man entered the room from behind the shop.

"Hello Ardith, does this island look familiar to you?" asked Sheila. She showed him the map of the island.

The man looked stunned and suddenly began shaking. He suddenly got a phone call. He was talking on a cellphone. He cried out

"Why do we suffer? Why are there so many demons! Why are we here? What's happened to us?! How does one take advantage of the divine power that a deity provides, especially when some have even put their own children in danger for it? How will someone find faith without being able [to use this] with his or her whole family present as well?! Can he really trust anything and make decisions on its behalf?"

He sat down. "They're telling you things about themselves. Is your husband too concerned with himself if everyone else is struggling along together at the same time? And isn't Your Highness aware that before she gave birth to Yoji today, I couldn't no longer walk through my house. I have to go, some people are here. "

"Hello, how can I help you?" he asked with a smile. He looked at the map. "I have been all around many islands in this part of the world but this one does not look familiar, unless.." he appeared thoughtful. "Why do you seek this Island?" he asked.

"We are archeologists," said Sheila. We are looking for something my father was also looking for."

"You know the island is abandoned?" asked Ardith, "A very desolate place."

"Then you know where it is?" I asked. He did.

He told us it was an island known from the legend of Beautifulion in his lore. His eyes glazed over and he launched into a strange dreamlike state and spoke ;

"There were just some stupid fans screaming insults towards Beautifulion while other people posted comments about how much respect the press should have given Superstar Runners earlier as well. Needless to be musing over the comment, Beautifulion gave up and continued his train run through the forest again after receiving a lecture by his father, who told him that it was okay to be disrespectful in certain situations if you can at least show consideration for others of course. Finally he arrived outside where his sister watched her uncle work on himself like everyone else around him until they reached their destination before she turned back into sleepy form, asking what time exactly it is when suddenly shivering came across her arm, instead of crying, due any reason or anything but feeling bad, seeing so many faces staring down upon something no one knows because someone always does know each guy all along...! Well wait, never mind there.

Needless dozing over bedtime-sama' "……..I think that was wrong."(WOW) However, it seemed like Beautifulion wasn't completely right either so I didn't want to blame him for being upset too heavily if things turned out badly but...what's with his face? He looked really sad even though the emotion in his eyes had disappeared already (how do you make a character look such an easy target). It seems at least ten minutes ago when we parted our quarrel and talked, they thought someone fell on their heads or something after seeing us apart from each other's words before now instead of looking concerned……and then what happened today?? My heart skipped again. "

(Author's note: It is interesting that this story deals with two very different aspects

(i) of life on earth;

(ii), which would be considered as 'traditional' doctrine - although at times I have come across people who may agree completely without reference whatsoever if they know about the married couple’s relationship with the nasty man before reading either book. But for my purposes what makes up these concepts are so closely related that there must be agreement between

them even though one does differ from another because both were based on their belief system/mythology.

-in 1996 Linda Repetti published her new textbook entitled The Story of our Boo.)

“The four cats rushed towards the door. They didn't know that a single drop of their tears was falling onto the floor, they only saw it as bright light and there were no sounds anymore... the cat suddenly jumped up in panic but she let her clawed paws touch some stones on top when one of the other cats reached out to snatch at them from above... Then with just two fingers, both claws ripped through something before turning into thin strips of thread which fell all over this room slowly.

"What are you doing!" Beautifulion said while wiping away another tear; then came again 'Why did I do it?!'. Now we're seeing what happens.”

“Bloooor! Fruioiuoiuoiu! Mooooooooooooo! Sweeeeee!”

The three boys had been in the forest since they were twelve, and though it felt quite lonely to just walk around a small part of his village alone, there was no reason for them not to be able to get lost. They hadn't even heard another sound that far away from their home yet this time; everything else seemed normal as long as we made our way through darkness with ease and used stealth techniques instead.... "It's almost five o'clock now...." said Hoof Heartless Gluttony quietly while looking at Beautifulion who slowly approached out front behind him. There he stood next to one side of me until my back wall rose up again where the Audio file was.

Miss Curtis covered.

“Yeah.

Yes, yes.”

The older son of the first parents was corrupted by him and not much of a success. He was an eidolon of the bad man, and only the younger son, Beautifulion, was pleasing to him. Beautifulion inherited the goodness seal from his mother, for purposes unknown. Beautifulion was capable of magic, and he was kind and gentle, at first. His siblings developed the dark arts for him, by use of the goddess seal. Aphrodite broke the seal and instead took the son who had existed between the bad man and her, to be her heir. He came into existence as MegaOrion, who, through the power of life, was King of Love. "

Ardith went out back again and produced a map of Antipodes Island.

How do we get to this Island? First we would need to board the Trans-Australian express train to the other side of the continent. We took a taxi to the train station and loaded our bags. With a low "Hwhooooo" the train left the station. On board we entered the dining car for dinner. We were next to some people discussing their work. It began at 10:00 PM. I could only pick out some of the sentences:

(The problem was social, not technical.)
10:03 "what will I talk about - problems? - is it code or is it a book?"

10:05 "it's code - it's for like students or people like the CEO of Apple or Adobe or Google - a ton of people are just really not getting what this thing is."

10:09 "so basically the definition of a PDF is a piece of paper that isn't bigger than itself and then makes this 'magnet' in the back and it doesn't have to be read in a book or digital - it can be read on a computer - these are really just a handful of the benefits of a PDF but people are kind of not using them as is – I think they are, like software engineers, I've had an email with a bunch of college students - they're doing some kind of coding project and they want me to come to the school and talk to them about the social problems and they're like well we can't write code."

10:14 "so there's like a line, there's like more programmers who understand social problems than these people who write code"

10:17 “they are social problems or moral issues or some kind”

I looked out the window at the swiftly passing red brown landscapes of down-under. No KANGAROO yet. I still don’t know why I was so sure we had stopped in Australia and maybe this trip was a ruse to get me to Melbourne. But one thing for sure I knew that if I left Melbourne, I was riding with a train conductor that would have to say good-bye to me.

If my train ride ended and I walked out onto the train platform, there was no more railroad to go. Last time, the conductor stood there like a train, to be sure I got off. As I stood there the train slowly began to pull away from me, like a train you might see in an old cartoon or TV show. I didn’t move. The locomotive started to rumble out and away from me as if on its way to a distant mountain to meet its comrades. The train was bigger than any locomotive I had ridden on so far. At least the tiny engines in the states. This train was much larger. It was like a locomotive train on the ragged edge of the Australian outback. We pushed and pulled around the curves and out into the vast empty country. That’s when I looked up at the steam coming out of the nose. It looked like a centaur snorting.

"he tohu - mo nga tauira, mo nga taangata penei i te Tumuaki o Apple, Adobe, Google ranei - he maha nga taangata kaore i te mohio he aha tenei mea."

"Hvorfor er kentauren vågen så sent"

Meanwhile Sheila was listening to the news from Denmark:

(A lot of people talk about the current state in Denmark). It is too dangerous to buy any fire here! The problem now is that our politicians are just talking like I always say they should but we haven't seen this from them. And if you know anyone who owns a (insert any variable), please tell us your story and let's be able to get out there!"

"What will I need? Nothing much at all," says one woman as she leaves her home on Kørebyudar Street across town and heads up for sea after having checked into an Airbnb accommodation. "I won $500 last month by using it."

Another young man puts his foot down firmly when asked whether he needs help paying rent: 'Oh #$%^&^%...” He takes off running; quickly

turning around onto Buelleshavn – where another person has already put himself under house arrest waiting desperately for someone to come pick him up...This isn't what most would consider fair treatment so how could anybody face such hardship?" (probably)

"On my first night back again was not nice", complains Sårens Jonsson before taking control of yet another conversation or two: "the [Danish Prime Minister Helle Thorning-Schmidt] thinks Europe belongs only specifically among countries which have managed their borders well".

In short words Thorning-Schmidt rejects Iceland` s sovereignty claims claiming EU members don'ts see Greenland as part thereof. Of course European powers must grant asylum status to Icelandic citizens seeking political change through civil rights abuses, mass unemployment and plant murder...But does everyone read these reports?! What matters even more than legality though?" STATIC

She eventually fell asleep.

We got on the Misty Queen headed for New Zealand. From there we would sail for Antipodes Island. A wail at the mast caught my attention.

That night as we sailed and the ship rocked, I had a dream. I was on deck. Our ship was an old English Dreadnaught. I turned to see a group of merfolk on the deck waving to me. They were protecting us from the storm which was swirling around the ship. Then I heard a strange noise. I ran down and found out a scepter was missing and they were looking for it. The mermaids quickly regained their smiles and sat on the deck telling us to relax. I remember a message coming in as I walked around the deck saying to the scepter thief that he should hurry.

Some hours later we found a small boat drifting in the midst of the storm. I climbed up into the ship's wheelhouse with my hand on the scepter to try and slow the speed of the ship, but all I found was a note that said it wasn't worth it. The mystery began to grow. Sometime later we rounded the corner into Antipodes Island and the pirates tried to kidnap the sailors. We fought back and the pirates finally surrendered. They told us they had seen the ship and gave us the key to a vault where they kept all the scepters.

When I awoke it was a sunstream day and the clouds blocked blue. I heard the harbor horns from a distance. Seagulls screamed and exotic Antarctic birds flew by. I wished I had stayed a bit longer. I picked up my bag and stuck my nose in my book. The sea began to sink and the penguins swam over me. I rolled over to gaze at the rock and island I'd seen in the distance.

ADVERTISEMENT Thanks for watching! Visit The Antipodes Islands!

ADVERTISEMENT Thanks for Visiting the South Pole!

NASA: "NASA satellites can see polar fringes that extend for thousands of kilometers ... The study found a clear pattern: Nearly all the anticyclonic polar winds, which naturally flow counter-clockwise around the poles, reach Antarctica."

Astronomy Now: "They can also be seen at the equator and in the Southern Hemisphere. The anticyclonic wind pattern makes the polar front clear to see penguin feet."

http://astronomynow.com/quizzer/observatories-can-see-anticyclonic-polar-folds-of-penguin-feet-geography-penguins-are-low-and-sensitive-to-polar-weather/944/

We asked Captain of the Boat Mackle about the possibility of any whale collisions. Mackle said he'd thought in the past about the possibility of a boat and whale colliding, given the number of whales that frequent the region.

"That's the thing, it's an island, there are no tides or anything."

The area has been the scene of more than one whale-welfare related incident. Earlier this year, residents from Fogo Island, N.L., located an entangled humpback whale in the Gulf of St. Foggier. They then brought the whale back to the island where it was disentangled. It died shortly afterwards. Mackle said the reason he first alerted authorities to his complaint about the ship was "because we thought it was so bad that we should do something about it." He added the incident involving the whale is serious and could have ended badly if the captain had not been on the lookout for the right whales, even if it hadn't been a humpback. When asked about the dangers of whales straying into the ship's path, a Cetacean Officer General quipped ,"Blast me! I dunno!"

We did not spot any of the movable islands whales are - creatures, sea beasts, monsters, they are islands that swim. Imagine me sitting on their back like a jolly, jolly pirate captain.

(The audience laughed).

Further highlights:

Cruises show clips, talking about the island, talking about the region, talking about the penguins, talking about the shipbuilding, jolly-with-whales.

A lecture about sailing the seas, boarding from the island.

Food, drink.

Picnic at the beach.

Guided tour through the island.

Sharing of the jolly captain of the island with the audience, talking about the tales, the tale of Hem. The tale of the whale.

The tale of the cursed bird.

Sailing around the islands.

The jolly ship skipper, friend of the jolly penguins and sad penguins. Mackle was one hearty ruddy-cheeked complaint destroyer! Lo! He had such a wealthy mind.

Why were we searching for such ancient ocean currents? What will all this bring? Well, there's one thing that doesn't mystify me, and that's the jolly, merry, fluke, otherwise known as the jolly, merry, merry, fluke.

What's jolly, merry and fluke, you ask? We should explain. It's a game that some families play where everyone takes turns acting the jolly, merry and flukey. Of course, there are just as many who play all three. It is quite an entertaining game and everyone can have a good time, but it's best for people over the age of three.

Other games worth playing with your little ones this Christmas time don't exit. There's another festive tradition that your children may enjoy if they haven't

already; jingle bells. All you need to do is buy a little, low-cost toy, attach a jingle bell to the other end of it and you're done.

Chapter 5

Abandoned Island

There in the steel gray distance, an island just, small cap at first, then bigger, rising up again. Humpbacked merganser, singing. Chickadees sing. Skimmers, bellied up now, robins, blackbirds, swallowtails, hermit thrush, house sparrows, starlings, gulls. I've been here before, this place, to the silhouette of the central island. There on the edge, the endless sea held, white and rough, towards which I stared and stared. I watched as the wave broke over the top of the island and into the sea, sky as we approached.
There was a strong smell of sulfur from the air. The island was smouldering, smoking. In the distance, beyond the smoke, across a dark and smoky sky, a dark moon hovered.It was a long way away. But at that moment, as I stared at the place where the island stood, I couldn't remember. There was no recollection of being there before.The spot was uninhabited. There was nothing here now. Perhaps I was mad. Or one of the animals. Or a bird.

I thought I was ready to meet the spirit of the island. Or whatever it was that made it what it was. But I found myself looking up at the shape of the island, looking for something to distinguish it from what it had been before.

"It's all gone, you know," said Mackle, eyeing my inhibitions.

"Go away. I don't need your stupid spirits or anything. What about the wonderful smells of the woods? Of penguins, like, swimming around and playing and laughing," I protested.

"I know about the penguins. Where is your island now? Where are the whales and the mergansers and the Guinea fowl and the snowbirds that used to sing? They've all gone now. They've all gone. It's all disappeared...."his voice trailed off as if remembering some distant time.

WOW!

Or at least that's the image that flashed through Mackle's head. He suddenly became aware of a wave. "No wonder I'm freaked out," he blurted. Fred shook his head. "I'm sorry, boy, but it's not that you're freaked out. There's only one way you can see it, and you're too terrified to do it."

"I'm scared," said Sheila.

"I know, son, but you're not scared," said Fred.

"No?" asked Sheila.

"No. What are you scared of?" asked Fred.

"Oh, a dock," said Sheila.

"You're a dock, kid, "said Fred.

"My boots aren't the best. Sometimes they twist and bend and catch on things and then slam shut, bruising my feet and making me squirm in the dockboat," Sheila mused. "I have to constantly watch to keep them from getting clotted with clay, too, but the pincers and the hardened straps protect my ankles. And when I do slip, the heavy load tumbles and clangs against my shins!".
We were slowly approaching the dock, diesel fuel sniffed by an unpowerful nose. It was a very lonely, desolate place. The "dock" if you can call it that was minimal, a few ugly planks wet with blackrot.

As we were getting near the planks a dark shadow came at me. Looking up I could only see black boots. Docking shoes. I looked at the dark silhouette coming towards me, rubbing its hands along my ship's rough bottom. In a flurry of motion my feet touched the surface of the planks, then painfully scraped on a sharp rock and I toppled backwards. I rubbed my arms and then the side of my head where a stone scratched my forehead. I jumped up and landed in my boots with a heavy thud and glanced over at the dark silhouette. It was still rubbing its boots on my ship's hull, oblivious to my discomfort. It was Mackle! Always the power of the captain present. He laughed that laugh that sailors do when landlubbers mess up at sea.
We brought our tents and equipment on shore.

Always the power of the captain present!

We brought our tents and equipment on shore. A bustling group of volunteers set up our tents and secured them in place with wire pegs. They made sure everything was tight before putting their boots and heavy boots onto the docks and allowing a crew of heavy duty dock workers to bring their boots ashore. We boarded a dockboat, and had lunch, which fed and entertained us and towed us toward the docks, into a wave and onto the shore. It was confusing. So many boats from just one boat, but these rocks were watery and many larger boats could not take the journey, so we were left in middling craft.
Mackle waxed poetic. ""I once had a quest like ye. A shovelful of dirt, and I can lie to myself no longer. I don’t want to take the death of my quest too lightly. No matter what the coroner says, I don’t want to believe it’s just a coincidence that he collapsed and was pushed into the soil, scooping up dirt into the bottom of a shovel. I’ve had too much solitude to keep this separate from other grieving I’ve done over the past week. It doesn’t have to be different, so I should not keep trying to arrange things to make it so wheelbarrow-full."

Fred stood near the freshly - turned soil. He had finished digging.
He stood, staring at the last hole, hoping he might deposit it for the future. "I can't find anything here." He thought we may find something buried. I suspected we needed to find caves.

"So then: we'll start where we left off," I said , offering to enter the cave.
"Fred's right to argue, since it's going to take me a long time to negotiate with the Keepers and dig the right tunnels," said Sheila.
"What keepers?" I asked?
"The spirits of the island need to be placated." (Sheila)
We stood there, looking around for a cave, trying to guess which way to go.

"I'd love to find out where you and the scepter are and we're going to get out of this rock alive," I said.

"Too bad," said Fred. "I'm just going to search for cave entrances and see if I can get us a map," he said.

"Sure. So find a cave, find a map, and we can get you a drink," said Mackle.

"Uh huh. You can count on that," Fred replied, shaking his head.

The two of us were standing in front of a cave, making sure the entrance was covered. We had come out of the rain, and now the sun was shining.

"We're getting cold," I said.

"It's a good thing you had another coat when we were waiting for the boat," Fred replied, pointing to the blue dress I was wearing. "If I hadn't given you that coat, you'd be freezing right now."

"But it's raining outside," I reproached him.

"Rain. A little rain. No big deal." (Fred) I put the coat on and reached down to get my shoes from where I had laid them, next to our flares. Sheila was searching the mouth of the cave. Mackle had made it pretty clear he was coming with us, for either treasure or fun or both.

Both.

Sheila didn't want me to search the cave, but when Mackle pointed out that there might be treasure down there, Sheila wouldn't hear it. I shrugged. Why shouldn't I search a cave where a valuable object might be waiting? I didn't like it. The cave was too dry. I moved around in it, looking. I didn't find anything that looked like treasure.

Mackle came up from behind me. "Honey, I think this is what we're going to be looking for: the map to the cave, and to where we think the treasure is, too."
Sheila said something, but I couldn't hear it. "The map and the treasure were supposed to be on the other side of the top of the mountain." Mackle said in his normal, easy-going tone. "It's probably just that there's been a lot of activity there and we got distracted when we were searching."
This island was another one of those seamount islands that is basically the top of a volcano sticking up from the ocean floor.

Mackle started telling us a tale from his past. He had been near this island during the war of the pig. "Naval jet fighters were dropping bombs from airplanes. Not just bombs, I guess. There were helicopter gunships, too.
I figured they wouldn't get around the mountain. It was probably miles long and at least a mile across. No way a bunch of Navy jet fighters were flying around to pick off people. But I couldn't see the helicopters. When a Navy jet fighter went down near the volcano, the Navy's usually quiet air command had to come in and explain what was going on. They told me to keep my eyes peeled for that smoke, and they would get me out of here as soon as they could get the mountaintop to breathe again. The crash site is near the other side of the mountain."

"I'm going to check it out, even if it kills me," I said.

"I'll be right behind you," Mackle said.

The top of the mountain was pure lava, rocks, and ash, and it was still hot.
The top of the mountain was pure hell and it was still getting higher. We could not breathe much, but I just kept looking for any sign of the missing fighter,

but it was all hidden in that pile of muck. I'm not sure how long it was before Mackle found me, but we just hugged and cried and hoped the fighter could be found, too. Finally, after almost 24 hours, the ash cleared, the rain came down out of the sky, and the Navy disappeared. I felt relieved that Mackle had not died, but sad that I might never see him again.

"Take care of yourself," Mackle jokes. "If I ever come back, I'll check on you."

"I'll be here," I said, knowing if I would never see him again, taking comfort in the fact that we had made a promise.

After more than an hour, I made it back to the tankers, and the dust had settled. I wasn't even winded, but Mackle was tired. Mackle started telling me a strange, weird tale of his past.

"The Dragon went off. Seconds later, a giant fighter jet raced into the hangar space. Everyone watched as the Dragon dipped its wing in goodbye. Everyone cheered, except Carson, who seemed to be upset. He screamed at the fighter jet. Carson saw it for what it really was. A UFO fighter jet. Carson stormed out of the hangar, and walked quickly to his pouting hangar. He jumped in the fighter jet and flew off into the night. His pursuit was on.
No one could stand the pain they felt as the earthquake came closer. They were shaken to the very core. The earth shook and the dark cloud of dark gray shattered stone and earth. All was in silence for minutes, but then the dreadful roar came. It was not just a scream, it was the roar of a thousand nightmares with a roar so terrifying that it shook the very foundations of the Earth. From out of the rubble, hundreds of skulls emerged. These were not the inhabitants of Atlantis. These skulls belonged to those who died under a dragon. "
"Do you believe in UFOs," I asked.

"Aye," he said without hesitation. ""Yes. I do. I know many people believe in them. It's not the fact that they are in our world that makes me believe, but my evidence. I believe that it has to be aliens. Those are the facts. They come from other worlds. And their ships must be worlds of technology. Another planet on which Earth's engineers built their own Martian probes."

"The secret of their solar panels?" I asked.

"Maybe," he answered, "But not much longer. An interstellar asteroid is due."

"An asteroid?" I echoed.

"Not a meteor," he said matter-of-factly. "The last one, millions of years ago. The one that destroyed the dinosaurs was no accident. "

Our hiking began to slack. "I have to tell Fred," I said. "And see about getting new boots."

"But what will happen to us?" I asked. "I've heard nothing of an alien invasion, but we are on a collision course with them."

There were rumors of pilots seeing things in the sky for years - one day a pilot saw a purple circle hovering = it was not quite solid, and it was moving in a strange direction. Aliens? Russians? UFO? Actually the object was a navigational satellite, launched from Russia. It was the same one that everyone thought was flying over the island in 1962. By 1987 another sighting was reported.

"It came in low on a slow motion swoop, horizontally across my backyard. It was enormous and with wings a third of the size of my backyard was covered. Then it just zoomed away leaving behind dust. Was it really a navigational satellite? We don't know. But we know what it wasn't. It was definitely not an airplane." Carol Burnham, 1987, Christchurch.

So if this is the only country we have maps of today that show no island that doesn't exist, what's going on with those other nations? At that time there had been many strange sightings by locals living around Lake Tuatara at about 3:30 or 4:00 am on April 19th, 1988. They also noticed several objects floating out of the water near the lake shoreline (looking like little circles) within seconds of each other – apparently just passing through clouds! If you are willing to venture down south into this part 9 area north of Kepu Village which is west side off Makapakoa Coast Road but does open up as far as Buksa Bay your chances go pretty good if an observing party spots something unusual along its path while traveling between 2/3 mile above the surface. This all happened.

Mackle and I met up with the rest of the group. Sheila and Fred had found the downed fighter wreckage and sure enough, there was an entrance to a cave there.

Just inside the entrance to the cave, we spied a small shack that was apparently inhabited judging from the light and smoyke. We heard a voice of a man from within:

"Be the knobby oak that no carpenter can use. Then you can grow rich and old. Social distraction. While others think 'Where will my career go in the future', Wayne thinks 'How long before I can retire.' It is because Wayne is in a field he does not care to continue in. The area where his life has been for over 20 years now falls into this category. At some point or another when it goes through what may be called "an era of constant work"-as do those with relatively little income, who like solitude, are apt enough never to get married so they don't have children either. If people spend their time writing books about how smart we all are then there won't seem much reason why someone might want something good from age 3."

"Hello!" we shouted. A face appeared, bearded, frizzly, hairy.. a castaway. He looked to have been living here quite a while.

The man looked very disoriented and a bit shaken by our sudden appearance but when he saw the smiling face of Fred, it just melted into shock. He did look pretty angry though... Wayne could see through to that smile! "Hey there- you were looking for me? I have some news." The dark haired old gentleman reached out with both hands towards us in an attempt to sooth us from any kind ill will toward himself or anyone else around him. His tone was surprisingly friendly even if at times quite forceful; especially considering how tough this guy must have been having gotten up early on Monday morning anyway.

"Who are you and why are you here," I asked.

"Yes?" he said, his voice raspy as a cat who peed on itself. Sheila looked up at him in surprise and her eyes widened slightly before she blushed furiously,

embarrassed that the conversation with him had caused so much anxiety for them. His lips parted momentarily when it took this form; but then they returned to their normal forms soon after the blush faded. She turned around once more to meet Fred who was walking away towards another door inside the building. It stopped there while Wayne followed along too which made some awkward silence settle over them both.

"I came here a while ago, oh a couple of years, " he began. He told them a brief tale, as he recalled it. "I came here looking for a cave that I had been told was there, and here I am, " he said, shaking his head. He smiled at Sheila, and her eyes seemed to get lighter. "Suddenly, some parrots started screaming. Their scream sounded like a wail, but that was impossible. The cave was always peaceful. That was all that I remembered."

"Oh no, Oh my goodness!" Sheila screamed. She stood up, a white hand grabbing her face. Grace turned around in a panic. Her legs did not support her. She fell down. She suddenly realized who he was.

Wayne was actually her long lost relative and he could hear the crumpling of her stomach, she could not possibly stand the smell of the cave or the icy cold of the mountain either.

“NO Wayne! I said, NO! This is MY cave! Take me back now! I’m not going to stand for this. I don’t want to go back there!” She screamed.

“Please…oh my…I can’t take the torture…It was never meant for such a weak… oh no…” He covered his mouth to try and cover up the sobbing he was secretly hearing, because he couldn’t bear the thought of lying, yet again.

“If you want me to let my cave be your treasure cave then you have to let me go back,” Sheila pleaded.

"What is goin on here," asked Fred. He was visibly perplexed.
"Nothing, Fred. It’s nothing. Sheila’s getting herself all worked up over nothing, and that was your treasure cave…don’t you remember me telling you that I was going to buy a treasure cave?” Wayne reasoned.

Fred put his hand on Wayne's shoulder. "I don't even know who you are and living out here alone may have made you lose your mind. That cave belongs to Sheila now and the scepter is her treasure."

If Fred found the treasure cave and the scepter, he wasn't admitting it. In a small cave next to the main cave he found that the back of the cave had two doors, one on the outside and one in the middle, on the back of the cave. The doors were very small and stuck into the walls of the cave. It was a treasure cave that no one could see from the outside, except those who were inside of the cave. It had a picture of a black scepter, a gold treasure chest, and two golden statues in front of it. It was a cave that a vampire would have loved.

Mysterious Wayne. What was his deal?

Chapter 6

The Gymnasium

The pathway took us into a different realm. The walls and ceiling were painted with magical drawings. The people were monks. They were wearing white robes and they were sweating and praying. A monk explained to us, "This is the living temple of the Mind of the Light! This is the practice of the monks! These monks are very skilled. They can create illusions of anything and with this skill they can help you. In this temple, you will also be able to create illusions of your own."

Sheila's head was spinning. Then she was calm. She stared at the monks.
Monks then looked back at Sheila.

"You must remember! You must be able to get to this temple without being seen. The monks are waiting to take you up!"

Sheila's head was spinning again. She closed her eyes. She tried to clear her mind and look inside. In this temple, he was living in serenity.

Emperor 5 walked over to Sheila's head and said, “These monks will help you leave here. They are from Japan.” Emperor 5 lifted Sheila's head up. His head was clearer. He looked at us and said "I am Emperor 5," Loudly.

Emperor 5 stared into Fred's eyes. He smiled and said, “The spirit can heal!”

The emperor waved his scepter. The monks cheered. “Please, take care of my spirit. Take care of my spirit.” Was this THE scepter? Or a lesser scepter?

The emperor waved his scepter once more. The monks cheered.

“Please, take care of my spirit. Take care of my spirit,” he said. He collapsed into a deep slumber. As the monks backed away from the emperor, they bowed to him. Then they headed out of the palace.

A Monk asked, “Monk? We should return to the palace. The spirit may leave without our master.”

Another Monk smiled. “Our master has taught us well. That is why we returned to the palace. Why? There is a mountain cave. I took care of that cave.” Another Monk nodded.

Mackle walked in, stunned by what he saw. I don't think he was expecting to find a hidden gymnasium shaped like a palace. He didn't say a word as the monks greeted him.

A man known as Master Ryan finally interrupted the visitors, "Thank you so much for coming to see our people! You are all from Spirit Tree Village, correct?"

"Yes sir," Mackle answered, apparently playing along.

Master Ryan replied, "Come this way and I'll show you the spirit monk!" The three men walked down a dimly lit hallway. Several times, we passed by monks carrying statues and various objects. Wayne was recognized by the monks. He was no stranger to this place. However he had never been admitted as a monk.

Master Ryan and his fellow monks finally stopped at a large stone platform. On the top of the platform stood a large statue that was almost

identical to the rest of the statues in the room. The statue was of chimp monk, tied to the top of the platform. He was unconscious, lying with his arms and legs stretched out in the position of relaxation. Master Ryan and his fellow monks raised their arms in the air to worship. One of the brothers started to yell, "This man belongs to us! He belongs to us now! We are his priests!"

"What the hell are you saying?" Mackle demanded.

"That man belongs to us now!" the monk yelled. "We have cast our votes for him! We will be divine servants!"

"That's fine, then," Mackle said. "We'll just take him."

The man started crying and screaming loudly. Some of the monks around the platform started to yell at Mackle to let them go. Mackle released him

Master Ryan sat on his technological chair. He motioned for the visitors to sit. "I know you were rescued from the Cult of Billy Joel. Can you explain why you came here?" he asked and peered at them.

"Centaur warriors lived across the river of Death, where we rested from our battles against the Dragons," he continued. "When they came to conquer us, we fought against them. The survivors fled to the north of The Zodiac Man's Temple. They found a centaur there."

"Where is that?" asked Mackle. "You should have brought it with you."

Master Ryan narrowed his eyes on the man. "He's with me," said Ryan. "I couldn't bring him here." Mackle stomped his way up to the group of monks. "You're a liar!" shouted Mackle the Dragon. "I know where he is, in the centaurs' caverns on the Death River."

"Eagh! It's you!" shouted Master Ryan.

"That's right!" screamed Mackle. So you remember me? You remember those years ago when you stole the scepter from me?!"

"That belongs to the temple!" growled Master Ryan.

It seems as if Mackle just so happened to be looking to take someone for a "little voyage" to this Island, but really his purposes were his own.

"I don't know how you found the entrance to this place since a block was planted in your mind. You must have relied on these others," said Ryan.

So we were but Mackle's little pawns in his quest. And yet his quest was ours, so I guess we were still in solidarity.

Master Ryan's eyes narrowed as he placed his hand on his sword. "You know about it?" asked Ryan.

Mackle stomped his foot on the chair. "I know about everything!" he yelled. "You don't need to do this!"

Mackle continued his rage. "The Centaur Lords have held the Priesthood in their hands for generations, not you!" He paused for a moment and looked at Ryan. "I know that you are the Zodiac Man's Man," said Mackle.

Master Ryan glared at the centaur. "No!" he shouted as his face turned bright red. "I'm not! I'm not!"

The others froze in their place as Ryan's vision began to close. Emperor 5 walked in calmly. "Disgusting display," he admonished Master Ryan who asked for forgiveness immediately.

I think you better come into my study. He said. We followed him into a small cave on the side of the wall. It was filled with blue crystal sculptures.

"We are the Priesthood of the Centaur Lords," he said matter-of-factly. "You are the first species to ever exist on Earth?"

"Of course not," I responded.

"Why do you think that?" he asked.

I shrugged and answered, "A lot of folk tales tell of the primitive peoples that lived here. Maybe this really was the Lost Isle of the Sea Folk?"

My guest chuckled and shook his head. He said, "It is not the Isle of the Lost Folk. The true way to interpret their tales is that they are the Isle of the Lost Islanders. This is where the first life forms that existed on Earth were exiled. The history of the island is fascinating. For thousands of years it was so cold that no life could survive. Eventually the warmth from the Earth changed things. The people brought animals back to the island and plants began to grow. Finally the islands began to warm."

"Excuse me." said Sheila "Who are you are what on earth is goin on here?"

"Yes, daughter of the Colonel, we know who you are too," he said. Your father struggled for years to understand our secrets. "We watched you grow from a small girl into a strong woman and now you are a father of your own."

Sheila coughed a little and said, "Yes Colonel, Colonel Raleigh." I stared at Colonel Raleigh. How could I understand? She sat behind the small table with her back facing me. So she was a colonel! There were many mysteries to be unraveled in her.

"Father did not come here seeking answers," she said. "He did not want to, but it was something he had to bear. The glory of victory in war and the glory of the deeds of my beloved father. To bear the glory of the glory and the gloom of losing him would be much more bearable than bearing his regrets. But, glory and gloom is not so hard to bear."

I man had been sitting behind the wall. He turned and stared at me. He stood up and bowed. "Daughter, to me you are the glory and the glory is my only wish." It was Sheila's father, and he looked as if he had not aged a day since his disappearance in 1975.

"Now that he knows of our existence here, he may never leave, nor may any of you," Emperor 5 said.

Chapter 7

Hats Without People

Sheila was allowed to talk to her father in a private room.

Her father seemed agitated. "The future of this land will be determined when we do what no one else can, or would ever think of doing for two thousand years – because there isn't any money left among us even after all these centuries. And then I gave it back to them by giving away their property (emphasis mine). But how much better off have they become than men who sit next top, stopped across from each other? So now that old ways die out, everyone wants an opportunity to get rich quickly with cheap labor! Well here comes Mr. X!!! A second time ... but just so long as those young people keep coming....."

"Dad," tearfully Sheila said, "I have missed you all these years! I am so happy to see you. But you look as if you have not aged? Is it really you?"

His face changed with emotion when he spoke about how wonderful it was that all of us knew him again. I felt sorry for those who wished their loved ones were still alive, should have heard what they did on 11 December 1976: "And this evening we will hold our funerals again together...For now let them come!" – (Pastor Sister Sombart, December 11, 1976) This family has no one left whom they can mourn like her; Sombart never missed someone or anything! In front here lies these children whose mothers would tell tales by candlelight through dreams while still wrapped in red blanket wraps which made Sheila's mother smile so much but meant nothing more than providing comfort.

Sheila and her father continued to catch up on lost years. Meanwhile I sat with Mackle. We were left alone for the moment as our captors discussed what to do with us. Fred went for a nap.

Would we ever be able to escape Antipodes Island again? Were we to remain here until our last day? And why had Sheila's father not aged? He seemed much younger. Where did he find such youthful companions? Why had Mackle's mother never remarried? And where had Sheila grown up? What were the names of her parents and siblings? What were the names of Sheila's parents? Maybe Sheila was named after her mother's sister. Maybe Sheila's mother named her after her sister. I wondered if Sheila ever had ever been allowed to visit her father. Or see her sister?

Mackle said "It occurred to me then, that Sheila's sister would have to know that I knew about her. I tried to think of the names of her siblings. One was a daughter. I had seen her playing on Antipodes Island before. I had seen all of The Colonel's children. I remembered the black and red devil hairband on the girl's head. They were stationed here years ago when I was in the Navy. One more question to ask Sheila's sister. What did her mother do for a living? And what did her siblings do?"

Fred laughed in my face. "I don't want to answer any questions. I have never been to Antipodes Island before and I don't want to go back. This is the first time I have ever spoken to a strange woman and I don't care to do it again."

Mackle began to panic.

Mackle rushed to Sheila's father. He pleaded, "Please Sir. You don't know what you are doing. Please don't do this. Your daughter may get away with you but I have to stay and face my future. I'm not going to run away like you do."

The Colonel grabbed Mackle by the collar of his blue and white uniform, pulled him off his feet and flung him to the ground. "Do you know how much that means to me? You are the only one who can talk for my daughter. You are the only one who can tell her where her mother went. The only person who knows where she lives. She is still a little girl and needs a mother. You should be proud that you have saved my daughter. This is where she will live. You will be in charge of her for the rest of her life. You will be her scepter and she will follow you. "

He was absolutely serious, Mackle thought. He pushed himself up from the dirt and tried to straighten his uniform, sweat staining the blue as if from being hit with a

shovel. His officer's hat was in the dirt. It still had the post-it note stuck on it: Hotel Promenade. She'll make it home in the morning.

But he wouldn't be allowed to see her, let alone be her scepter.

"Oh, for crying out loud, Mackle. Would you just look at that door? We've got to get out of the estate," said the Colonel.

"You can't keep her there! "growled Mackle.

"Of course not. I mean, she's fine. She doesn't even need a mother," the Colonel said.

Mackle was at a loss for words. He reached out and tried to grab the Colonel's arm, but the Colonel moved quickly and sidestepped. He waved his hands as if the situation were nothing and stared off into the wall.

"What are you worried about? There's three million dollars in her will," he said dryly.

Mackle thought of the $30 his mother had left him and sat back in his chair defeated.

Finally the Colonel tried to explain everything.

"The scepter is rumored to have some stranger powers. I guess I am living proof. It can reverse aging. It can repair the cells.," he began.

The Colonel then listed off some other wonders of the scepter. Sheila interrupted him, however.

"But that isn't all. Not long ago the scepter of the Danish King was returned to us. Not only is it powerful, but it is truly a magical object. It is said that the King had it hidden in a cage in his library. Even the most powerful sorcerer could not destroy the priceless scepter. A relic of his ancestors. It is our birthright," said Sheila.

Suddenly the Colonel began to get out of his chair, looking shaken.

"It may not be a good idea to take the scepter, especially not in this state. It could become too dangerous. Trust me, I've seen this kind of thing before. It could be dangerous," he insisted.

Sheila looked shocked.

"But what about the scepter's power?" she said.

"What about it? I mean, yes, you are right. It would be foolish to take it," said Mackle.

"But just think. We have been waiting for many years. At last our plans can be carried out. The reign of good will come to this world. And soon you will be King," said Sheila.

"No. We cannot possibly. The people of the temple are at risk. You must make us a new bargain," insisted the Colonel.

"You want the scepter to stay in your possession. Then you will stay behind and guard it?" asked Sheila.

"We: we are the monsters we fear," I said musingly.

"The scepter needs to stay here, it cannot fall into the wrong hands. These monks have guarded it for centuries. But there is a far more amazing secret I believe to be true about the scepter," said the Colonel. "It is of extra-terrestrial origin."

I felt a chill run down my back as he said those words. Yet somehow it seemed obvious. When it was discovered it was probably just assumed to be divine in origin as ancient people's did not know of starcraft and such contrivances of high technology.

But the weird thing was that the ancient alien technology was actually from a fallen race. Of the same race that was the 'monster' it was named for.

The Colonel drew a deep breath.

"I will tell you the story of the Great Phoenix, and the Night of Fire. The story of the First - and most powerful - and last night that all of humankind will ever know. The ancient prophecy says:

There will be no warning of the coming of the Night of Fire, it will come upon us without warning, a terrible night that will make all other nights pale in comparison. At the dawn of that night the 'monsters' the green skinned, long haired humans will discover the power of the Phoenix stone, one so powerful that they can destroy worlds, and keep it from falling into the hands of the enemy. And for that they will suffer the greatest of fates, they will fall into a fiery inferno and burn to death. No one can escape the Night of Fire, not even the ones who made it through the Great Phoenix."

He paused.

"I do not know why I am telling you this. It is probably all a bunch of myths. But there can be some reality behind things that turn into myths. We may all be material beings, but the material is actually divine! This is the great revelation. We are imbued with divinity despite all our failings."

The light returned to Sheila's eyes.

"Thank you! This is all too much for me. I did not believe the stories even a little," said Sheila. "You are truly the nicest, most amazing creature ever, this is incredible."

"Well I told you we were special, but I am only speaking for myself. But I have done all I can. It is now your turn. I believe your destiny is to bear a Phoenix," said the Colonel.

"What?"

"We are that last generation on the planet. You and I, we are it. I believe it is now your time to become a Phoenix. The last Phoenix. We are the last of the greats. You can do it, I believe in you," he continued.

"What do you mean, 'your time'? Do I just get it, or are you talking about something else? There are others like you? Where are they?" asked Sheila.

"I am the only one. I don't have time for a lot of other things, you know that. You can figure it out yourself, but just remember that the choice you have to make is important," he warned.

"The Night of Fire, what is it?" I asked.

"It is the story of humanity's final fight against our own destruction!" he said.

Suddenly Emperor 5 walked into the room.

"It is the story of humanity's final fight against the demons, and their evil god. There will be no warning of the coming of the Night of Fire. There will be no warning of you, and those of you who come after you. And once it comes there will be no escape. It will spread around the world, burning everyone who comes into its path. At the dawn of that night you will lose your island, and have to escape to another. It will be too late. The demons will have conquered every country and brought them all under their control, but you can escape. Only to another island where you will wait for your planet to blow up and your home to become an island in the sea."

"It sounds so beautiful," said Sheila. "I know it sounds impossible, but it sounds really beautiful too. All of it."

"Beautiful? Yes, maybe to some, but do not forget that it is only fiction. This is just a story, a legend. All of us who believe in it are leaving a dream behind. We believe it will come true," said Fred.

The Colonel paused, and looked up at the stone ceiling.

"Are you ready?"

Sheila nodded, and then they followed Emperor 5 into the main gymnasium.

It was a small group, there were already dozens of green skinned warriors gathered around the arena, some were meditating in a large circle around the ring while others were pacing up and down.

Two humans, green skinned and large, walked into the gymnasium with the Colonel. One was left handed and limped a little as he walked. The other had no right hand and walked with a right foot that was badly injured and bent down. He never turned around to acknowledge the Colonel.

"Hello Emperor 5," said the Colonel, who nodded to him and then to the other. He spoke - "Your fellow trainers, the elders, are all here as well. We have already begun our training and everyone will train together, like you, in order to improve all of our abilities, but especially those of you who can learn to fly. Everyone is very excited to begin. The

elders have already left the island to return to their home world. But we will not have long to wait before we learn to fly. All of the trainers who have successfully mastered the control of their planes can come out and make sure you all are prepared."

"If you can fly I am in!" shouted Mackle.

Everyone laughed at that.

"You already command the seas, now you want to learn of the air?" whaled Fred.

"They are the product of genetic manipulation," said the Colonel. "I do not know the benefits of the green skin but they are robust, very healthy, and strong. The aliens seem to have such a vast knowledge of genetic engineering they can manipulate a living being as easily as writing computer code to change software. And yet they do it all somehow through the scepter, they are never here. You see why it must not fall into the wrong hands!"

"They act through a rip in the fabric of space and time, sending information only but with the power to manipulate our world much as a small seed grows into a tree, through self-replication. This is how the scepter formed and how it communicates in real time to its Lords. Human consciousness needs both intelligence technology AND knowledge communication from all over the universe, which are represented by computers within or without living beings' bodies. These technologies exist simultaneously across many different dimensions within physical structures, such that each level requires new capabilities above those necessary at one plane - hence why there is apparently no set global limit," the Colonel ranted.

Where was Wayne? He seemed to have dissolved in the morning.

Suddenly the earth began to trembling. It earthquaked. The ceiling began to look like it was just about to fall. The Colonel glanced over to the office and noticed something. "That bird has been emitting alarm signals in real time. It will not stop." He grabbed his revolver and began shooting wildly at the bird in the office. A panic alarm began ringing throughout the base, the buzzing of the alarm piercing the air.

"I've got to get out of here!" Sheila thought to herself, escaping her room. She ran into the hall, Emperor 5 got into a golf cart which quickly sped through the base and out onto the entrance. He turned the wheel slightly to the right and left the base. The

Colonel chased after him. "Traitor! Don't leave!" He shouted, waving his gun. Within minutes he had driven off the base, the Emperor driving recklessly. His seatbelt latched tightly.

"Drive!" Sheila yelled over the wind noise of the car and around the large opening.

"But I'm being followed!" yelled the Emperor. He was driving around wildly, heading toward the woods. "Why won't he stop?" Sheila asked in her panic. "What's happening?" She began driving faster, getting on the wrong side of the road, she didn't want to go anywhere near the Purple Pentagon. It was too close to the Purple Pentagon for comfort.

Soon the car was hitting trees and bushes. Sheila was screaming. The car's front end was slamming into the branches and the street was crumbling under the impact. The car's wheels began to spin.

"Do not look back!" shouted the Colonel. "Turn this car off and head toward the woods. I will pick you up and take you to an airfield."

"Yes! Why is he still following me?" she thought.

"I will try to explain," said the Colonel, before he sped off to the woods.

Mackle, Fred and Wayne were following close behind me as we chased the Colonel and Sheila. The whole island seemed to be collapsing or erupting. Maybe the volcano was awakening! They heard the monks chanting:

"One hears everywhere and, throughout the island

As by an insect stirring in the still air

On the boughs and trees, as by the grasses growing in the village of Col de Longue.

Time has not changed the death watch birds,

Their purpose still as a clock, they go about

In this circle of the dunes: one to another,

Each always the same, ever at the same time.

In the wintry, bare wintertime, the grey drum

It continues to play. An Irish court summons

Is made up of desiccated birds on grey sand.

The lacelike hills appear as grey as the weather

And their icy hands possess the world, in pal"

Regardless, our boat seemed to float across the small bay as if the island was pulling us in.

The Colonel and Sheila were running down the beach, but suddenly the Colonel stopped, jumped on Fred's back, and climbed up onto his head. Fred was carrying the Colonel through the trees to the other side of the island. Wayne chased Sheila through the trees, grabbing her by the arm and leading her over the sandy hill. I tried to tell Fred to get the Colonel off, but he was having too much fun to listen. It seemed like they were chasing each other for the longest time. They eventually reached the other side of the island and stopped. I could hear Wayne yelling at Shelia to get away from him and get into the boat with Fred.

What was I going to do?

Mackle barked at the crew to shove off as the island began to rumble and boulders fell down the sides of the mountain. Smoke was spewing everywhere.

Fred seemed to be running along the base of the hill trying to keep his boat away from the smoke. Mackle's dog was worried and ran back and forth along the rocky beach searching for a way out. Then I saw Mackle go back up to the top of the hill to look for me. Fred was running back and forth searching for me. It was really strange as I was right there behind them running in the fog and smoke, but they didn't see me.

By the time Fred stopped running I had escaped to the boat. Mackle pulled Fred's legs, causing Fred to drop Shelia in the boat. Mackle leapt into the boat and pulled Shelia's body on board with him. Fred looked at me with a surprised look and jumped

into the boat to follow Mackle. Fred reached for the rope and jumped in. I think the rope slipped right through his hands. The boat started to move quickly toward the water. Fred looked back at the smoke and couldn't believe what he saw. I watched as Fred jumped out of the boat just before it hit the water and ran to get his backpack and get back on the boat.

We all watched from the boat as the island grew smaller. We saw another boat carrying what we assumed was Emperor 5 and the rest of the gymnasium minks.